




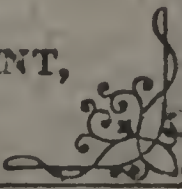
# HOW TO MAKE PEACE.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT,

805 BROADWAY, N. Y.





# HOW TO MAKE PEACE.

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WILL and MARY GRAY had just gone to live in a new home. In front of the house there was a fine yard, where they kept a dear little white rabbit. The name of this rabbit was Puss, and they loved Puss more than anything else that they had in the world.

On one side of the house were some fine trees, and back of the house was a nice garden, and Will and Mary and their papa and mamma thought it would be a good home for them all. There was but one thing that was bad, and that was that in the house close to them on one side lived a very cross man. He had been so cross that no one would live near him, and so the house into which Mr. Gray had just moved had stood empty a long time. But Mr.

Gray was a kind, good man, and he said that he thought he could live in peace even with so bad a man as Mr. Hill, and Mrs. Gray said that she would try it, and Will and Mary said they would try and not do anything to annoy Mr. Hill, and so they all went to live in the empty house.

“Now,” said Mrs. Gray, “we must all begin right. If we find out anything that Mr. Hill does not like we must be careful and not do it. I hear that he does not like

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to have any one look over his fence ; so you mind, children, when you are in the yard, or in the garden, that you never look to see what is going on at Mr. Hill's."

"They tell us, papa, that he will kill our Puss if she gets into his garden," said Mary in a sad tone ; "and O if Puss were to be killed what should I do?"

"Well, we will hope better things, my child," said Mr. Gray. Those **are** not folks that love peace that



tell such tales, and you know that "peace and love" is our motto.

This Puss was a great pet in the house. They all loved her, and Will most of all, for she was his rabbit. He bought her of a rude boy who took very little care of her, and who had let her three little ones starve to death. Will could not bear to see a poor dumb beast ill-used, and he loved poor Puss all the more for having saved her from harm. At first she was quite wild, and they

soon saw that it would not do to keep her in the front yard, for she might get through the fence into Mr. Hill's garden.

Uncle Dan had said he would make a cage for her, but he had so much work to do that he put it off from time to time, and so they at last put Puss into the shed at the back of the house. This did very well so long as the door of the shed was kept shut; but when it was left open out Puss would hop, and the next they

would see of her would be down in the garden eating the pinks and lettuce, and she could do much harm there. And then what a time they would have trying to catch her. But week after week went by, and they were all so kind that Puss grew tame, and came when she was called, and did so little harm that they forgot about a cage, and Puss ran about as she liked.

And Will and Mary and the baby were very fond of her. And Mrs.

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Gray too, though she did not like pets, could not help liking this one for May-bird's sake.

And who was May-bird? you will ask. Ah, that was Will. And Mrs. Gray called him this pet name because he was always singing about the house all day long. Will was not a strong, healthy lad; he could not go to school, nor did he very often go off on the farm with his papa and the men, but he was mostly about the house with his

mamma and sister and the baby. And all the day long he would hum over some tune in a low tone, or sing some pretty song; and he could sing very well, and he knew many pretty songs. So his mother called him her May-bird, with his quiet, loving ways. A May-bird he was that would sing all the year round.

One fine day in June, after they had lived in the new house almost three months, Will and Mary and the baby, who could just walk alone, were

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going out to the hay-field, and thought they would take Puss with them. But Puss was nowhere to be found. They hunted and looked and called. They went up and down the garden, and looked in every corner of the shed, but no Puss came.

After Will had looked a long time he heard a whistle over the fence, and looking up he saw poor Puss hanging by its hind legs from a tree. And there stood Mr. Hill with a broad grin on his face.



“That will teach you better than to let your nasty beasts run in my garden again,” said he with a sneer; “don’t it look pretty?”

Will burst into a flood of tears for a moment, and as soon as he could speak he put up his hands and said, “Please, sir, give me my rabbit even though she is dead.”

“Not I,” said Mr. Hill; “I shall let it hang for a scare-crow or a scare-boy;” but a better thought came and he cut it down, and threw

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it over the fence and bid him be gone.

Will took it up gently in his arms and carried it to his mother. She felt bad too, but tried to soothe him.

"Please, mother," said he, "help me not to feel angry with that bad man; I want to feel right, but the bad thoughts will come up. I know that I ought to love him."

"Only Jesus can help you, dear," said Mrs. Gray, "you must pray to him. Do as your father does: try to



do Mr. Hill some good, and that will make you feel better toward him.

“I do him good, mother? I, such a little boy, and he such a great rough man? What can I do for him?”

“Who can tell?” said Mrs. Gray.

“Who can tell?” he said it after her, and soon his voice grew more gay, and he went out to bury his little dead Puss in the garden. “I will try to do him some good if I can,” he said to himself. “Poor man!

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how sad he must be to have no one to love him. No little boy or girl. I wish I could love him. But he won't let me. At least I can pray for him."

Months went by, and it was a cold night in the fall. All the birds but the May-bird were gone. He sang as gayly as ever, sitting there by the fire when his father came in.

"Poor Hill!" said Mr. Gray; "I have not seen him for a week. The woman who kept his house is gone,

and left him with only an idle bit of a girl to wait on him. Make him some of your nice jelly, wife, and let us see if he will take it."

"Well, I don't know who will carry it in if I make it. He would not take it from us, and the children would not dare to go."

Little Will all at once stopped his song to the baby and stood up and said, "I will." So the jelly was made, and the next day Will stood at Mr. Hill's door. No one was

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there, and so Will went in and tapped on the stairs, and called to know if he might come up.

“No! be off!” said Mr. Hill; but the boy stood firm.

“Please, sir, mother has sent you some jelly.” No reply.

“If you would let me come in and do anything for you I would be very glad.”

Still no reply.

So the little boy went bravely on, till with hope and fear in his face he

stood at the bed side. Mr. Hill took the jelly in silence, and ate it and seemed to like it.

“If you please, sir, my mother said that if she could do anything for you she would be very glad.”

He did not say no, and so Will took it that he meant yes, and away he ran home to tell what he had done. Soon Mrs. Hill went in and made his bed, and gave him a cup of tea, which he took very well, and when she was going away he said.

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“Send in your boy, if you like, to-night.”

So Will went in and sat down by the fire, and waited till Mr. Hill spoke.

“Can you read?”

“Yes, sir, a little.”

“You may read then a bit if you like?”

But Will could find no book to read in.

“Well, then sing me one of your little songs.”

So Will sung a dear little hymn about the love of Jesus, and then when he asked him he sang it over again.

“O he doesn’t love me ;” said Mr. Hill with a groan. “That hymn is not meant for me.”

“Shall I sing some other ? or if I had the Bible.”

“No, not now. Come here, child. I am sorry I hung your rabbit. When you go home ask God to forgive me. I can’t pray.”



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“Please, sir, I did that long ago.”

“Did what? What made you pray for me? Did you think me so bad?”

“O no, not that alone, but I thought you were not happy.”

“Why? because I killed your rabbit?”

“O no, but I thought you had not many to love you, and I thought if God loved you that would make up.”

“But how could you pray for one who had been so unkind to you?”



“Jesus told me to do so, sir.”

There was no more said then, but when Will went the next day the Bible lay by the bedside, and Mr. Hill asked him to read to him from it. So he did then and every day, for a long time, until he was able to read for himself. When Mr. Hill left that sick room he was a changed man. Often now does he go in to sit by the fireside of his kind friends the Grays. Will's place is always by his side, and often does that

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great rough hand rest gently on the young head, and that once harsh voice repeat, softly, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

**THE END.**



